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THE BRANKSOME SLOGAN



VOL. 5

CHRISTMAS 1913

NO. I

Issued every Christmas and Midsummer by the
Alumnae Association.

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THE BRANKSOME SLOGAN

Editor-in-Chief—Alice Anderson

Assistant Editor—Kathleen Baird

School Editors—Alleen Erb, Helen Coatsworth

Business Manager—Marcia Allen

Assistant Business Manager—Laureda McAndrew

Vol. 5

CHRISTMAS 1913

No. 1



1903!—Do you remember that in that year a new school was opened? Most of us took only a momentary interest in that phenomenon, perhaps some ignored the fact, until one day, by chance or otherwise, we found ourselves pupils in this school, and then our indifference changed to keen interest and enjoyment in every phase of life and activity within Branksome Hall. Ten years have slipped past and, in spite of the many changes, it is the same old Branksome. Perhaps those who followed us think it has improved with experience. Be that as it may, if they are enjoying its life half as much as we did, they will be grateful to the kind fate which brought them to it. Many miles divide former friends and classmates now, but we can always rejoice in the common bond of having spent our school days together at Branksome.

Those were happy times—the working days and play days! Perhaps the latter looked brightest then, but after all it was the satisfaction of having accomplished some hard task which gave the keen pleasure to the play-time.

“If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work.”

With the encouragement and companionship of teachers and fellow-pupils, we had our first lessons in finding ways to accomplish the tasks assigned. Having left this sympathetic atmosphere to take up our various duties, we are able to apply these lessons, and get keen pleasure in doing so.

May the next ten years find our school enjoying ever-increasing success, and may we, her children, ever strive to be loyal to the high ideals which she has set before us!



Our Canadian West.

The editor-in-chief of the "Slogan" has suggested that my "big family" would probably like to share some of my "summer's experiences," and that the columns of the Christmas number would be a good medium of reaching them with some items of interest about my trip to the Pacific Coast. To be called upon to write for publication is quite disconcerting to one who has not "the pen of a ready writer"; but the request was made too graciously to be denied.

My visits to Banff and Lake Louise impressed me with the importance of our National Parks, where great beauties and wonders of nature, just as they came from the hand of the Creator, are rendered accessible by the building of roads and the opening up of trails; and where the fauna and flora of these mountain districts are protected from the vandalism, which, through ignorance, selfishness or greed, would result in their extermination. The Dominion Government set apart, some years ago, several National Parks throughout the Rocky Mountain ranges, and recently organized a separate branch of the Department of the Interior for their administration. To meet the conditions of "comfort, convenience and safety," the policy of this Parks Branch "necessarily relates to the quality of the service of whatever kind rendered by those dealing with the tourist: character of accommodation; protection against extortion; the construction and maintenance of roads and trails of first-class character, in order that the various attractions may be comfortably and safely reached; supervision over sanitary conditions; water supply, horses and vehicles, guides, drivers, charges and rates; furnishing of full and reliable information; and, generally, in not only reducing discomforts to a minimum but in so administering matters that the tourist shall be as satisfied with the treatment received while in the parks as he inevitably must be with the scenic wonders he has viewed. The efforts of the branch are being directed towards an organization dealing effectively with respect to details concerning all these various matters."—(Commissioner's Report for 1912.)

These parks attract a large tourist traffic and promise to become an important source of revenue for the nation. The register of the museum at Banff showed the wide-spread interest in the beauties and wonders of this district; tourists from almost all parts of the world had registered, and in many cases had filled up the column for "Remarks" with expressions of surprise and admiration. The steady increase in the numbers visiting these parks is

so remarkable that it is worthy of notice; the official numbers for the Rocky Mountains Park are as follows: There were 8,516 visitors registered in 1902; in 1912 there were 73,725.

The main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway passes through the Rocky Mountains Park, the Yoho Park and the Glacier Park; excellent hotels, most of them expensive, furnish accommodation for tourists who wish to become acquainted with the various points of interest. The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, which strikes westward from Edmonton for Prince Rupert, has recently made accessible a new wonderland of magnificent scenery. It follows up the valley of the Athabasca River, through Jasper National Park, and almost skirts the base of Mt. Robson (13,700 feet), the highest peak in the Canadian Rockies.

The drives from Banff to Lake Minnewanka, and from the Châlet Lake Louise to Moraine Lake, are particularly charming and replete with scenic interest. The excursion to Lake Minnewanka includes a delightful trip on the lake, which lies in a long, narrow, winding valley, closely surrounded by almost Alpine peaks. The road to Moraine Lake, the waters of which have a tropical beauty of color and brilliancy, winds round the slopes of Mt. Temple, the highest peak of this district, down into the valley of the Ten Peaks, affording a fine view of the peculiar and striking rock formation called the "Tower of Babel." These drives are memorable to those who have had the privilege of enjoying them.

Our thoughts turn naturally from the captivating scenery of these great mountain ranges to the Alpine Club of Canada, which has had, in the few years of its existence, a wide-spread influence in giving publicity to the mountain regions of Western Canada. Information about the club is here, for the sake of accuracy, quoted from one of their publications.

"The primary objects of the Alpine Club of Canada are: Exploration and study of the Alpine tracks of the Dominion; and the informing of Canadians and of the world at large concerning the unrivalled attractions of these regions as a playground." The work of the club is as follows: Every summer a camp is held of a week to ten days' duration in some place convenient for climbing, where its members may learn correct methods and become acquainted with glaciers and lakes and every Alpine feature of the mountains. Care is taken to select a spot contiguous to the largest number of truly Alpine peaks. Each year the Canadian Alpine Journal is published, containing articles of scientific importance and of mountaineering interest, attractively illustrated by original photographs; this is circulated all over the world, even as far as India and Japan. In addition, the club has built itself a charming home on a commanding site at Banff, the capital of the Rocky Mountain Park. The camps are held, as a rule, in

July, as the conditions for climbing are, generally, most favorable at that time.

As two of our Alumnae are active members of the Alpine Club, some information regarding the requirements necessary to "qualify" as an "active member" will be of interest to the readers of the Slogan, and may inspire others to emulate their example. In order to attain the dignity of "active" membership, "an ascent of a truly Alpine, glacier-hung peak, rising at least two thousand five hundred feet above the timber line of its region," must be made. This peak must also rise at least ten thousand feet above sea level. The Toronto member of our Alumnae who is an "active" member of the Alpine Club made her graduating climb on Mt. Daly (10,332 feet), at the Sherbrooke Lake Camp, in the Yoho Park, in 1911. Our Winnipeg "active" member qualified in 1907 at the Paradise Valley Camp; her graduating climb was made on Mt. Aberdeen (10,340 feet), about six miles from Laggan. This summer (1913), Cathedral Mt., near Hector station on the Canadian Pacific, was the graduating climb. A later camp was held to attempt the ascent of Mt. Robson; two succeeded in reaching the summit of this "Monarch of the Rockies," one of them being the Swiss guide. The following description, quoted from the London "Times," gives even the uninitiated some idea of the arduous character of this mountaineering feat: "The valley is only some 2,700 feet above sea level, and the mountain rises straight and in a sheer face of 11,000 feet, a face of black, rock-ribbed, with transverse bands of snow, and lit up by a great hanging glacier on the eastern shoulder of the summit."

The members of the Alpine Club of Canada are drawn not only from Canada, but also from the United States, Great Britain and Switzerland, some of the most noted mountaineers and scientists of the world to-day being enrolled.

The various physical features of Western Canada are on such a large scale that words fail to convey any adequate impression of their extent and grandeur; the West must be seen to be understood and appreciated. Truly, God has given us "a good land"; if our people have the "righteousness" that "exalteth a nation" there is a great and noble future ahead of our country. Let us not forget that the nation is made up of individuals, and that each of us has a share, noble or ignoble, in the process of nation-building for Canada.

In closing, it is suggested that true patriotism as well as the love of the beautiful in nature should lead the members of our Alumnae to become intimately acquainted with Canada, from Atlantic to Pacific, for

"Fair is our lot—O goodly is our heritage."

MARGT. T. SCOTT.

In Memoriam.

THE opening of the school this year was saddened by the death of Miss Hume, which occurred after a brief illness during the holidays, on August the first. Miss Hume had been a member of the staff since shortly after the founding of the school, and had come into such intimate contact with every student, that each one must mourn the loss of a dear and personal friend. We take this opportunity of expressing our sorrow for the bereaved family and of assuring them of the deepest sympathy of everyone at Branksome Hall.

“Unto the Least of These”

(A Christmas Poem.)

The day grew dark; the night wind cried,
An old dog howled; a sad heart sighed.
A little child, so cold and thin,
Looked down the roadway, dark and grim.
The scene was strange, and he cried with fear,
But only the cruel, cold wind could hear.
“Come with me,” the boy looked up,
“Come with me to sleep and sup.”
The old man took the lad by the hand,
And the child knew he had found a friend.
The days passed on and the boy still stayed
With the old musician, and with him played
On the old violin, in the attic bare,
That was at the top of a rickety stair.
But the year’s end came and the man grew ill,
And sat all day by the window sill.
The boy went out to work for food,
And earned a little as best he could.
On Christmas night when the wind howled ’round,
And soft snow had fallen over the ground,
The old man turned to the boy with a cry,
“My boy, my turn has come to die.
I must leave you alone in this lonesome land,
But scatter kind deeds with a generous hand.”
He looked for the boy beside him, but lo,
An angel stood in a radiant glow,
“I am the boy,” he said to the man.
“You come to this earth to complete the span
Of years set for you by Christ above,
And here you work to deserve His love.
You have proven yourself and earned your place,
And now ere long you shall see His face,
For ‘Unto the least of these’ you gave
Half of all that you here had saved.
And now you will go to that world above,
Where all is joy and peace and love.”
The angel ceased, the old man sighed,
For the Heavenly Gates had opened wide,
And in he passed to take his place.
At last he gazed on his Master’s face.

ALLEN ERB.

Alumnae Meetings.

The Fifth Annual Meeting of the Branksome Hall Alumnae Association, which was held at the Mission Tea Rooms, King Street West, on Tuesday, June 17th, at six-thirty p.m., took the form of a dinner. The guests, who numbered over eighty, included the principals, staff and graduating class of Branksome Hall, and the Alumnae girls who had come from far and near.

All those present were looking their best, and seemed to be brimming over with good health and spirits. The scene was certainly one to strike joy to the hearts of the members of the executive. The room, which looked most attractive, was filled with small tables, each decorated with red and white carnations and ferns, while in the centre of the room was a larger table, decorated with red and white peonies, at which the executive were seated. The place-cards, toast-lists and menu were ornamented with the Branksome colors.

At the conclusion of the dinner proper, a few words of welcome were spoken by the President, after which the toasts were proposed and drunk. The first toast to "Their Majesties," which was proposed by the Vice-President, Mrs. Plant, in a very loyal speech, was drunk most heartily. The second, "The School," was proposed by Mrs. Henry and responded to by Miss Scott, our Honorary President. Then came the toast to "The Principals," proposed by Miss Ethel Ames, and responded to by Miss Read. In her response, Miss Read traced the advancement in the education of women during the last hundred years in Canada. Next followed the toast to the "Absent Members," proposed by Miss Edna King and replied to by Mrs. Thomas Keefer, of Ottawa, in a letter read by Miss Hilda Rutherford. Miss Marcia Allen proposed the toast to the "Graduating Class" in a burst of poetry, and Miss Ainslie McMichael replied. Lastly came the toast to "Our Futures," proposed by Miss Reda Fullerton and responded to by our treasurer, Miss Jean Morton. In replying, Jean drew aside the curtain of the future, and in truly prophetic style showed us ourselves twenty years hence.

The business part of the meeting followed, and during the election of officers Miss Millichamp very kindly took the chair. The officers elected for the season 1913-1914 were as follows:

Editor-in-Chief of The Branksome Slogan—Alice Anderson.

Business Manager—Marcia Allen.

Assistant Business Manager—Laureda McAndrew.

Honorary President of the Alumnae Association—Miss Scott.

President—Rita Chesnut.
 First Vice-President—Jean Morton.
 Second Vice-President—Reda Fullerton.
 Secretary—Mrs. W. H. Plant.
 Assistant Secretary—Rosalind Morley.
 Treasurer—Rita Black.

After "God Save the King" had been heartily sung, the meeting was adjourned, and we all went homeward, feeling that the first dinner-party of the Alumnae Association had been a decided success.

As Alice Anderson found the work on the "Slogan" as Editor-in-Chief more than she could do alone, an Assistant Editor, Kathleen Baird, was appointed this fall.

RITA K. CHESNUT, B.A.,
 President.



HAIR.

Hair! hair! hair!
 Nowadays on the heads of the girls!
 How I wish that I could utter
 What I think of their puffs and curls!

Alas for those puffs and rolls,
 That pad and that large-sized rat,
 They were once your pride, O girls,
 But they went with your *last* year's hat.

Hair! hair! hair!
 In front of the glass, O dear!
 They will fuss and fume till the crack of doom,
 In the effort to cover an ear.

M. H.

From London to Paris by Motor.

Paris, July 17th, 1913.

Dear Slogan Readers,—I can hardly believe that we have got to Paris, and come all the way from Bristol in our own car, but such is the case. The car has been running beautifully and the roads are perfect.

We spent four days in London, leaving there on Tuesday morning. It was pouring rain, but, as you know, one doesn't put off outings on account of rain in England, and the roads are so hard that it doesn't matter much if they are wet. We had a calm and peaceful drive of seventy miles to Folkestone, which place we reached in time for lunch. We ate an extensive table d'hôte meal, rested for a while, then boarded the boat, and crossed that channel of ill repute. Even though I had established a very good record as a sailor, I had heard tales of other good sailors who had weathered many rough Atlantics only to succumb on this miserable little voyage. There was no great cause for alarm—just a nice, soothing motion—and we all reached Boulogne in good condition.

We had planned to go right on to Abbéville for the night, expecting to get away from Boulogne about five o'clock, but there was considerable delay in taking the car off the boat, and by the time the motor-tank was filled with gasoline, and we had bought some sandwiches and fruit to eat on the journey, it was 7.30 and beginning to rain again. Imagine starting off in the rain at that time of day to drive fifty miles in a foreign country, with the most meagre smattering of the language and in blissful ignorance as to our route! It happened to work out all right, but before we had gone many miles we realized what a foolish enterprise it was. We didn't pass through one village where we could have spent the night with even a suggestion of comfort, and, if we had lost our way, or had any other mishap, it would have meant camping in the car until morning.

The French roads are fine for speeding, and we made pretty good time before it got very dark, but when we finally got to Abbéville and drew up at the "Tête de Boeuf" it was nearly half-past ten, and a very weary party we were. We hadn't felt a bit certain that we were on the right road, and we saw very few people to ask. Several of the villages were in darkness, and we met practically no one on the road for miles. These little villages, which consist of one street with cottages on both sides, are peopled by farm laborers who live close together instead of each one living right on his farm. Some of them must be a long way from their work.

Fancy our relief when the host of the "Tête de Boeuf" greeted us in English, and assured us that he had accommodation for us. The place was not all that it might have been, but the rooms seemed tolerably clean, and we were all pretty glad to "hit the feathers."

In the morning we made a pretence of eating breakfast, but the repast left much to be desired (and we left much of it that was *not* desired). We set out about eleven, armed with ham sandwiches and plums, and farther along we got a bottle of water at a dirty little tavern in a dismal village. Farther on still, we stopped by the roadside and ate what we were forced to call our lunch.

It was a glorious day, and the trip of a hundred miles to Paris was delightful. We passed acres upon acres of fine-looking farm land. The country in that part of France is very beautiful, but the villages are the most desolate-looking places, mostly very small and so poorly kept. After the quaint little villages of England, with their picturesque stone cottages and profusion of flowers, the contrast is very marked. The roads are almost as good as those of England, but quite different, in that there are many long stretches of straight road. The curves are, of course, more picturesque but not so conducive to speed. We drove through miles and miles of avenue, bordered by fine, tall trees—poplar, chestnut and a species of maple, they seemed to be—and we marvelled at their numbers.

It was really surprising how little difficulty we had in finding our way. My "Est-ce la route de Paris?" was quite effectual and though in most cases I had very little idea as to what my informants were saying, they invariably pointed out the direction, and we felt very grateful for the national weakness for gestures.

Early in the afternoon we reached the gates of Paris, and were arrested (I mean stopped) as we were about to drive through, by an imperative repetition of "Essence! essence!" which, in our innocence, we imagined was a request to see the license for running the car. Father dived into his pocket and brought forth various and sundry papers, which he presented in turn to the official at hand, but all of them failed to have the desired effect. After much wasted effort and incomprehensible language on the part of the said official, and much amusement and confusion on our side, some interested bystanders enquired in French if we were German. I answered "Anglais," and forthwith our man disappeared and returned with a paper on which was written, "Have you any mineral oils?" It occurred to someone that he meant gasoline and I replied "Oui." He wrote again. "How much?" and, after consulting with the chauffeur, I told him the number of gallons. Whereupon he made it clear that what he wanted was money, so after handing over two or three francs we went gladly

on our way again. We found out later that "Essence" is French for gasoline and that there is a tax on gasoline going into Paris.

We drove for some distance before we got into the heart of the city, and then we stopped up every few minutes to enquire for Rue Castiglione and Hotel Lotti. When you consider that all we knew about our destination was the name of the street and the hotel, and that the answers to our enquiries were for the most part unintelligible, it is rather remarkable that we only went two blocks out of our way in reaching the hotel. We were greatly amused at our chauffeur at one of the very busy corners. A number of motors had been stopped in a line, and we drove past them, instead of taking our place behind the others. A gendarme rushed upon us, and began to remonstrate, but when our chauffeur answered him in English, he decided not to bother with us and turned away with a significant smile. Whereupon the chauffeur, as he started up the car again, called after him, "Which way to the hotel?" It was really very funny.

Well, we got to the Lotti, and had not been long in our rooms before we were sipping afternoon tea in good old English fashion, and I assure you that tea reached a spot that hadn't been touched for some time.

We are near the shops here, and not far from the Louvre, the Opera House, etc. We haven't done any sightseeing as yet, but we went out right after breakfast this morning to some of the fascinating little shops on the Rue de Rivoli. We are planning a trip to Versailles for to-morrow if it is fine.

I think I hear the family discussing in scathing terms my weakness for letter-writing and it behooves me to break away.

If you see any of the old Branksomites please give them my love, and do write when you can.

With all sorts of good wishes,

Sincerely,

E. M. A.



The Prize-Winner.

There was great excitement at Branksome Hall on the evening of October 10th, for the Y. W. C. A. was giving a Baby-Party. Each girl as she entered the gymnasium was greeted with loud laughter, and such remarks as, "Doth baby talk?" "Whereth your dolly, baby?" and "My mamma wouldn't let me even wear a bracelet 'cause she said children should never wear jewels."

The last to enter the crowded room was Betty Travis, commonly known as "Bones," smiling sweetly on the whole assembly. Being nearly five feet nine and very slender she looked almost breakable. Her costume was a little hand-embroidered dress, ending quite three inches above her knees, a wide scarlet sash, a very short pair of white socks and little black slippers. The shortness of the skirt and socks gave her a never-ending, always-going-up appearance that made us gasp. Her pretty brown hair was parted on one side of her face and tied with a large bow matching her sash. The ringlets were really marvelous and they had been made in such a short time. Under her arm she carried an enormous teddy-bear, around whose neck was a scarlet ribbon. Her conduct during the evening was quite in keeping with her appearance. When they played musical chairs she "didn't think she'd play, 'cause of crushing her dress," so sat smiling on the platform.



watching the others. Suddenly her smiles turned to tears, for she saw a larger teddy-bear than her own. Nothing would comfort the little girl till we told her that her Teddy was much more intelligent looking. Even if she did not know what that meant, it sounded nice anyway. Quite happy again she fell asleep in the big arm-chair, peacefully sucking her thumb. No one disturbed her till supper-time, and then she was taken down the long passage to the girls' sitting-room, where a lovely surprise awaited all.

Four long low tables, decorated with streamers of ivy leaves, formed a cross in the centre of the room. The birthday cake at the head, with its chocolate icing and Y. W. C. A. written in pink lettering, was so lovely Betty said it was awful to cut it, yet she seemed to enjoy her share. Each "Baby" was given a dish of ice cream, all pink and white and yellow, and a piece of the very stickiest candy. After supper Betty received a lovely doll with a wobbly head for being the best baby, and thus ended a very pleasant evening.

GRACE PONTON.

HEART CULTURE.

Breathes there a girl with soul so dead,
Who never to herself hath said,
"This is my own, my latest 'crush'";
Whose heart hath ne'er within her burned,
As t'wards her "crush" her eyes have turned:
If such there be, go, mark her well,
For her, no florist's bill doth swell;
High though her standing, wide her fame,
Boundless her marks, as wish can claim,
Despite her honors, brain and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
At school shall miss the looks that thrill,
The kiss that makes the heart stand still,
And when from school she does depart,
She'll wish she'd cultivated "heart."

MARGARET WALTON and DELPHINE BURR.

The Joys of an October Day.

It was a beautiful October day that we chose for our motor ride to Barrie, a day when the great dome of blue sky was cloudless, and in the air was that delightful pungent odor of forest fires.

How we did enjoy the ride in the fresh morning air—up north Yonge Street, through sleepy little villages. In one place we were amused to see a cow being led along on the sidewalk. Oh! how glad I was that I was not a pedestrian there. Farther on in a peaceful little graveyard we saw a large family washing hung out to dry. On the farms great yellow pumpkins were ripening in the sun, and in the farmyards strutted fine turkeys, ideal for roasting for Thanksgiving dinner.

Our first stop was at the little toll-gate at Bradford, a relief of by-gone days, but still extracting a toll from all who pass through. We inquired of the old gate-keeper as to the best hotel for a dinner. He directed us to the "Queen's," saying it was a very good hotel. "In fact," he added, "I've stayed there myself." On hearing this wonderful recommendation we decided to try it. It proved rather old and a trifle rusty, but adequate to satisfy the wants of the inner man.

At peace with the world, we once more started on our way, up and down long billowy hills. In each valley there nestled a village and when we approached one of these we became aware of some excitement, and so stopped to ascertain the cause of it. Everyone was gaping after a motorcycle, on which was a young man, with a girl in the basket chair beside him. In the centre of a knot of people was a country gig harnessed to a forlorn-looking horse. Someone was helping an old man and woman into the wagon, and a man of our party walked over to inquire the cause of the excitement. He came back with a smile on his face. "It's an elopement," he said, "and her father and mother are going to give chase." And sure enough, the old horse ambled out into the road with the farmer jiggling at the reins and trying to urge him to a trot. "Poor old couple," we murmured, and yet deep down in my heart I felt a secret sympathy for that up-to-date young "Lochinvar."

We found the small town of Barrie sufficiently interesting to while away a couple of hours there. It possesses an ice cream parlor which we younger members of the party found very attractive.

It was after sundown when we started home, but it was not dark, for the big, round moon made the road bright and clear before us. We were gliding smoothly along and someone started

to sing, "When you come to the end of a perfect day," when bang! a fire went flat. We all got out, feeling a little jarred by this interruption to our enjoyment; but someone discovered a deserted-looking house just back on the road. Exploring was suggested to occupy us while the fire was being mended, so three of us went tremblingly up the little grassy path. The front door was boarded up and through a broken window we saw nothing, in the moonlight, but a small square room. One courageous lady suggested walking around to the back. Personally I was just a wee bit frightened. The moonlight made the path as bright as day, but the shadows were so very, very black. However, we followed the path around the house and once more peeped through a window. Suddenly someone clutched my arm. "Look," she said, "look," and I looked, and saw what made me stiff with fear—the glowing red bowl of a man's pipe. Well, we didn't scream, but we fairly flew around to the motor again. Not for anything would we have told those cold, unsympathetic men-folk what we had seen. They might have laughed at us, and, likely as not, they would go off and explore for themselves, leaving us to the tender mercies of any wild beasts that might be prowling around. But the brave lady made the remark, in a very quavering voice, that "It w-was really a v-very nice night, wasn't it?" Then we all climbed into the motor and clutched one another very tightly indeed. When we had started again, when gradually the soft pink glow in the southern sky became in reality the electric lights of Toronto, our grasp on each other relaxed, for after all, we decided that, while that man's pipe had certainly not been a trick of the imagination, still it was just possible that it might have been a trick of the foxy old moon.

DORA O. THOMPSON.



A Fish Story.

It was a beautiful July day, and the little inlet of the Atlantic Ocean was as blue as the sky. It was dotted, too, with little foam-tipped waves which resembled the fleecy clouds overhead. From among the rushes on the shore of the inlet glided a graceful red canoe, containing a young man in white flannels and a young girl in a white middy suit. She was very beautiful, and the early morning sun made her hair glisten like spun gold.

It also caused something else to glisten that morning. On the girl's left hand was a beautiful diamond ring which sparkled and gleamed like a tiny sun.

They paddled about for almost an hour, the girl idly leaning back among the cushions, dipping her hands in the cool salt water, when the tinkle of a bell brought them out of their reveries and caused them to hurry back to the shore.

While drying her hands after leaving the canoe, the girl suddenly uttered an exclamation of surprise, causing the young man to turn from hauling up the canoe on the dock.

"Why, Marjorie, whatever is the matter? You look as if you had lost your best friend."

"So I have," she held out her hand. "Look, Robert, my ring is gone—oh, whatever shall I do?" she wailed.

"I'm afraid there's nothing we can do now because we don't know where to look for it. It must have come off when you dipped your hands in the water."

"Oh, dear, I feel so badly, I could just sit down and cry my eyes out," said Marjorie.

"Oh, please don't do that, Mar. Come up to the cottage, and get your breakfast, and then you'll feel better," pleaded Robert.

"No, I won't ever feel better, I know," she said mournfully, as she led the way up to the cottage along a winding path.

"Hurry up," called her mother from the verandah, "I've got a surprise for you."

"I've got a surprise for *you*," Marjorie replied. "I've lost my engagement ring in the water, and I don't know what to do about it." By the time she had finished her explanation they were all seated around the breakfast table, at one end of which lay a beautiful, broiled and parsley-bedecked blue fish.

"Oh, mother! what a lovely surprise! When was it caught?" said Marjorie.

"The boys went to the wharf and back this morning trying the new car, and while they were there some man brought it in, and they bought it. It has only been out of the water about three-quarters of an hour," said her mother, as she began to serve it.

With appetites whetted by the fresh morning air, they began eagerly to enjoy the first of the season's greatest delicacies.

"Oh, what do you think I bit on?" cried Marjorie suddenly.

"What?" cried everyone, "your ring?"

"No—a fish-bone."

CATHARINE LANGDON.

Alumnae Y. W. C. A. Notes.

At the last meeting of the Y. W. C. A. in June, just before school closed, the girls who were then leaving voted to take up a definite branch of work.

It was unanimously decided to pay for the support of a little orphan girl in India. The name of our little charge is Anusaya, and she was born on the 26th of May, 1913, so is only six months old.

At present she is in the Babies' Home at Nasik, but when she is old enough she will be sent to school in Manmad, where the other little Branksome orphans, that the Y. W. C. A. supports, are living.

Miss Harvey is in charge of the home at Nasik, and any of the girls wishing to write her about our baby or to send any presents may do so by writing to the following address: Miss Harvey, Babies' Home, Nasik, Bombay Presidency, India.

Subscriptions for the support of Anusaya should be sent before January 1st, 1914, to Grace Greer, 99 York Street, London. To her support all the "old girls" of the Y. W. C. A. are asked to contribute.

GRACE GREER.

Vice-President Y. W. C. A. and
Representative of the "Old Girls."

“Branksome Bells.”

The bells of which I am about to speak are not the fair Branksome belles which come and go in our halls, but the Branksome bells which are always with us. They are one of the most important factors in our life here. They call us to work and to play, to meals and to bed; some we obey cheerfully, others reluctantly, but all promptly of course. The most important bell in Branksome is the “Rising Bell.” It is of quite a different order from those that ring so frequently during the rest of the day. It is rung by hand, not by electricity, and belongs to the ancient order of bells. Its work once done, it rests in calm dignity at the end of the hall until six-forty-five the next morning. Occasionally it leaves its superior position to come to the rescue of its fellow-workers, the electric bells, when they are exhausted and refuse to work.

The “Rising Bell” is perhaps the least welcome sound we hear in the course of the day. Before the dawn, when it seems to us indeed that night has just begun, it arouses us, that is, most of us, from our slumbers and calls us back from dreamland to the stern realities of our daily existence.

This bell is followed by one of quite a different character, one much more welcome to our ears, the “Breakfast Bell,” which has just one fault. It always seems to ring a little too soon, and is invariably greeted with loud cries of surprise.

The next bell is also a welcome one, for it summons us to the morning walk, and who is there that does not enjoy a brisk walk in the morning air with plenty of good company and so many interesting things to see?

At nine o'clock the bells ring to call us to classes and study; and from that time onward, at half-hour intervals throughout the day, the halls resound with bells until nine-thirty p.m, when “Silence claims her evening reign”—sometimes.

There is one bell, however, which some time may break the silence of the night and strike terror to our hearts, and that is the “Fire Bell.” When all is quiet save for the gentle snoring of a dear room-mate or the nibbling of some mouse in the waste-paper basket, the “Fire Bell” will sound forth its loud alarm. Every one will be aroused at once and will ask in fear, “Is the building on fire?” and as soon as the way for escape is known we will rush to safety, to find that it is not a “fire” but a “fire drill.” May that not occur in our time!

There are two other bells whose sounds are heard frequently in our halls, the telephone bell and the door bell; of the first of these, the telephone, I will not speak. For all remarks on that subject I refer you to the office, where I know you will get an eloquent discourse on the bell which so frequently disturbs its peace with Saturday invitations, etc.

The door bell has great interest for us at certain times during the week. On Wednesday afternoon it announces our callers, and each time it rings it causes a thrill of excitement throughout the study, as each girl thinks "That may be a caller for me." On Saturday at noon it announces our friends who have called to take us out for the afternoon, or perhaps for the week-end. This same bell also announces the faithful postman three times a day. I know from old Branksomites that these sounds all bring back glad memories.

Sometimes we grow tired of the constant ringing, bringing to us the constant reminder of some duty to be done; but after all among the true friends who are helping us to do our work, and to form habits of promptness, we must surely count with gratitude—the Branksome Bells.

HELEN JUNOR.

A Branksome Alphabet.

- A for Alleen, the studious one,
Who to take her matric in one year has begun.
- B is for Billy from whom we may learn
That she lives on the corner where Kingston cars turn.
- C is for "Crushes"; of these there are many,
And flowers for them cost more than a penny.
- D is for Dorothy, a president she,
In her society nothing is free.
- E for the Education we receive here at school,
It's all for our good though at times it seems cruel.
- F for the Friends who here are enrolled,
They appear on the scene when "crushes" grow cold.
- G is for Grace, a prefect this year;
When we are lonely she brings us good cheer.

- H for the Halls; they could tell many a story,
If they only could speak, there are some would be sorry.
- I's Irma, who's made up a new regulation,
Never to kiss on any occasion.
- J is for Jean, more often called Bones,
Over basketball bruises she utters deep groans.
- K is for "Kiddo," with voice like a lark,
Whose melodious noises make people say, Hark!!
- L for Louise, an industrious maid,
Who from her school work has never yet strayed.
- M for the Marjorie who has fuzzy hair,
Which gives her a very original air.
- N for the Noises heard after lights,
Often disturbing the peace of our nights.
- O for the Office where teachers assemble;
And when we go in we always do tremble.
- P is for Phyllis, a pianist she,
Who rattles the keys like Paderewski.
- Q for the Questions asked by the curious:
Many are they, and some make us furious.
- R for the Rules that we faithfully keep,
Excepting when some of us talk in our sleep.
- S is for Sybil, a Yankee is she,
Who longs for her mother and the "Etats-Unis."
- T for the Teachers whom we all adore,
(We're sure this has often been thought of before).
- U for Untidy marks seldom seen here,
But when they do come they bring many a tear.
- V for the Vigor we put in our games,
Not minding the knocks, bumps and various pains.
- W stands for the Walks that each morning we take,
You should see us hurry the days we are late!
- X for the Exits we make from the Hall,
On Saturday mornings when friends for us call.
- Y for the Years which at Branksome we spend,
We all will be sad when they come to an end.
- Z is for Zambuk, whose right name is Zybach,
Who to her practice does faithfully fly back.

ALIXE DAGG and DOROTHY ADAMS.

Y. W. C. A. Notes.

Honorary President—Miss Scott.

Advisory Officer—Miss Read.

President—Dorothy Adams.

Vice-President—Sybil Kneeland.

Secretary—Louise Maclellan.

Treasurer—Marjorie Hazelwood.

Convener—Marjorie Macdonald, Anna Greig.

As our work has just been resumed for this year, there are not as yet many meetings to report. However, we are planning to do more work than ever this year, and hope we may be able to accomplish all we have planned.

At one of our meetings Miss Robson, of the China Inland Mission, gave us a very interesting account of her work among the Chinese women of Toronto.

Another meeting took the form of a Baby-Party. Each member paid an entrance fee of 25 cents and came dressed as a baby. The costumes were splendid, Jean Kennedy receiving the prize for the best one. After several games in the gymnasium, the party adjourned to the girls' sitting-room, where supper was spread on the kindergarten tables. The room was prettily decorated with autumn leaves and red berries, and in the centre of the table reposed a large birthday cake, made by the Branksome cook, in honor of the second birthday of our Y. W. C. A. The executive were dressed as French nurse-maids and waited on the tables. Miss Read, dressed as a quaint old lady, presided at the party, and cut the birthday cake. After supper several flashlights were taken and then the babies retired to their "cradles," after enjoying a very pleasant evening.

We have had one open meeting, when Mrs. Cavalier, of the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission, spoke to us all of the work in India and of the orphanage where our two orphans are cared for. Some of the girls dressed in costumes to show us the kind of clothing the women of India wear. A collection was taken to help increase the funds of the Y. W. C. A.

We are now looking forward to an address which Mrs. Wilson, an aunt of Ruth Caven, will give us very soon. She is to tell us more of India and of her work there.

Last year we had a clock hung in the gymnasium with a hand which indicated always the state of our finances. It was made to mark up to two hundred dollars, and at the end of the year that sum was very nearly reached. The new clock will be made out to mark two hundred and fifty dollars, and we hope by June to be able to show the hand pointing to that two hundred and fifty.

LOUISE MACLENNAN,

Secretary.



Beta Kappa Notes.

September 19th. The first meeting of the Beta Kappa since the summer vacation was held on this date. Miss Marcia Allen, a former president, took the chair and the following officers for 1913-14 were elected:

Honorary President—Miss Cole.
President—Alexandra Dagg.
Vice-President—Marjorie Hazelwood.
Secretary—Jessie Lucas.
Treasurer—Mary Anderson.
Musical Convener—Anna Greig.
Debating Convener—Isobel Bryce.

After the election of officers a short dance brought the evening to a close.

October 31st. At the second meeting of the society, our annual Hallowe'en masquerade was held. When all had arrived, partners were chosen for the grand march, which was led in truly weird style by three ghosts. Starting from the house, we proceeded through the dimly lighted passage to the gymnasium, which was gaily decorated in orange and black. Overhead stars twinkled, and the moon shone brightly from a distant corner.

After circling the room a number of times, masks were removed, causing many surprises and much merriment.

The next hour was devoted to dancing, after which refreshments were served in the house. On returning to the gymnasium, prizes were awarded for the two funniest costumes, the honors going to two girls who caused much amusement, Kathleen Cahill as Sis Hopkins, and Jean Kennedy as Simple Simon. Too much cannot be said in praise of all the costumes, which were both clever and original. Among them might be mentioned several old-fashioned ladies, Red Riding Hood, a sailor boy and girl, two or three suffragettes and a policeman, whose services, we are pleased to say, were not needed.

Later in the evening everyone took part in Hallowe'en games. In one corner of the room in a very artistic bower of pine boughs a gypsy added greatly to the enjoyment of the evening by clever fortune telling.

The ringing of the bell brought to a close all too soon a very jolly evening.

JESSIE LUCAS,
Secretary.

Christmas Greetings



Entertainments

On Friday evening, September 13th, the old house girls entertained the new house girls. We went out to the gymnasium and played several games. One of the games was that everyone had to make a tissue-paper hat, in a given number of minutes. Many fashionable hats and caps were made, the prize for the best one being won by Helen Dewar. Refreshments were served in the girls' sitting-room and then we all went to bed.

As Preparatory service came on Friday, October 3rd, the regular Beta Kappa meeting was postponed. For the girls who were in, the gymnasium was turned into a small art gallery, and groups of things representing many of the world's famous pictures were exhibited. The first prize was won by Irma Brock, who succeeded in guessing all the pictures. The booby prize was carried off by Helen Ross.

The first concert we attended was on Tuesday evening, October 7th, when we heard Madame Melba, assisted by Edmund Burke, the famous Canadian baritone, and Marcel Moyse, a flutist. Madame Melba sang many well-known songs which were very much enjoyed.

On Friday evening, October 24th, we were to have heard Paderewski, but owing to his illness the concert was postponed. As it was too late in the week to arrange for an elaborate recital, an impromptu concert was given by the house girls in the sitting-room. Piano solos were given by P. Becker, A. Dagg, M. Kern, K. Langdon, L. MacLennan, S. Kneeland, A. McChie, H. Jarvis, D. Adams and V. Zybach; the vocal solos on the programme were given by K. Cahill and Jean McKay; the readings by G. McEvoy, Rae Wilson and H. Junor. A comb chorus, consisting of R. McCormick, E. Clare, M. Waldie, J. Fleming, I. Cahill, M. Ogilow, E. Ard, E. Norcross, A. Reynolds, G. Penton, J. Rankin, G. Rankin and Helen Ross, gave many selections, including "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," "Home, Sweet Home," and many others. A much-enjoyed number was "Chop-sticks," a perfect rendering of

which was given by A. Erb and G. Neely. A parody on "You Made Me Love You" was given by M. Hazelwood, S. Kneeland, J. Kennedy and A. Greig. Last, but not least, was a small play entitled "Lady Clare," advertised as "a play of intense feeling and pathos." This was acted by H. Dewar as Lady Clare, Marjorie Stevenson as the Doe, Irma Brock as the old Nurse, and Dorothy Watson as Lord Ronald.

On Tuesday evening, October 28th, F. R. Benson and his English company presented Richard II at the Princess. We were all delighted with the play.

On Tuesday evening, November 11th, we expect to hear Madame Melba again in a joint concert with Kubelik. If they both come up to their high standards on that evening, it will be a splendid concert.

A. R. GREIG.

Exchanges.

The Magpie (2), St. Margaret's School, Waterbury, Conn. You have a very good collection of stories and poems showing considerable talent.

Vox Lycei, Ottawa Collegiate Institute. Your cuts are interesting and the school news is very good.

The Beacon, Hillside, Norwalk, Conn. You have several very good stories.

The Tallow Dip, Netherwood, Rotherham, N. B. You have a very well compiled paper.

The Taconic Tattler, Lakeview, Connecticut. Your school notes are good.

We are pleased to acknowledge the following additional exchanges, which have arrived since going to press: Bishop Strachan School Magazine, Toronto; The Bishop Bethune College Magazine, Oshawa; The Academy Bulletin, Westmount Academy, Westmount, P.Q.

We regret that there are not more exchanges; some may have come before the opening of school and been mislaid. We should like very much to hear from more of our sister colleges through this department.



The athletic season opened as usual with the election of officers. The following girls are on the committee:

Secretary-Treasurer—Louise Maclellan.
Captain of the match team—Jean Kennedy.
Captain of Forms IV and V—Alleen Erb.
Captain of Form III, Regular—Ruth Stewart.
Captain of Form III, Special—Jean Kennedy.
Captain of Form II—Gladys McEvoy.
Captain of Form I—Mary Baird.

The cup presented by Marcia Allen, one of the old girls, for general proficiency in Physical Culture at the closing in May, was won by Aileen Marks.

TENNIS.

A great deal of tennis has been played this fall. There were four games played with St. Margaret's, the doubles being played by Lois Cox and Phyllis Becker, and the singles by Marjorie Hazelwood.

BASKETBALL.

This year, as no league was formed among the colleges, we have been playing friendly matches with St. Margaret's and with Havergal.

We have also begun a series of matches between the different forms of the school. In a match between the Intermediate and Form I, the Intermediate was successful. This was followed by a match between Form II and Form III Regular, won by the latter.

On Friday, November 7th, III Special played Form IV. This match was won by III Special.

The junior school has been taking a great interest in basketball and a picked team, which is comprised of Intermediates and Juniors, has been playing matches with St. Margaret's.

GROUND HOCKEY.

Ground hockey has just begun and so far just one match has been played with St. Margaret's, but the girls are very much interested in the game and there is every prospect of our having a good team.

Some new apparatus has been put up in the grounds this year, consisting of a giant stride, a slide for the Juniors, and several swings. They are all very popular, especially the slide, where the Juniors often have to stand in line and wait for their turn.

LILA MULLIN.





Miss Essie Deacon (Mrs. Summers) paid the school a visit on October 6th. Her little son is now a year old.

Miss Agnes and Miss Isabel Campbell accompanied their mother on a trip to Europe this summer, visiting Great Britain, France, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium and Holland.

Misses Marguerite and Edna King, Rita Black and Rita Chesnut visited Miss Jean Morton at "Tushielaw," Sturgeon Lake, this summer.

Miss Mabel Block has gone to live in Winnipeg. The metropolis of the middle West is pretty well supplied with Branksomites.

Miss Macdonald, formerly of the staff of Branksome, sailed the end of November for Italy.

The Slogan last year for the midsummer number offered two prizes, one for the best story and the other for the best photograph. These were won by Ruth Langlois and Irma Brock respectively.

Miss Barbara Munroe has been visiting in New York and is now with Audrey Little in Walkerville. She expects to spend some time in the east.

Miss Marcia Allen, Miss Agnes McGillivray and Miss Dorothy Leeming visited Miss Ruth Caven at Sturgeon Lake this summer.

Miss Ethel Ames has returned after having had a most delightful trip on the continent.

Miss Grace McGaw spent the summer with her brother at Jackson's Point. She visited the school again in September on her way through to Winnipeg, where she is continuing her musical studies this winter.

Miss Dorothy Chown is spending the winter at her home in Kingston. She is taking some lectures at Queen's University.

Miss Maud Banning, of Chatham, is in town staying with Mrs. Hendry.

Miss Joy Robinson has returned from California and is feeling much better.

Miss Reda Fullerton, of Brockville, was in town last month and paid a visit to the school.

Miss Jean McDougall is studying music at the Toronto Conservatory this year.

Miss Gladys Cross, of Penshurst, Victoria, Australia, was present at the Alumnae banquet and school closing in June.

Miss Jean Mickleborough has just returned from an extended trip abroad.

Miss Margery Kilmer has just returned from a summer spent abroad.

Miss Jean McDougall spent Thanksgiving with the Misses Edith and Grace Greer in London. Grace is to make her début this year.

Miss Laura Aitken graduated from Toronto University last spring. She will be in town again shortly before Christmas.

Miss Annabel Auld had a most wonderful trip in Canada this summer, going as far north as Alaska.

Mrs. W. B. Stewart gave a most delightful tea on October 28th, at which Miss Joan Stewart made her début. Miss Scott, Miss Read and many Branksomites were present.

Miss Dorothy Chown paid a short visit to Miss Laureda McAndrew last month.

Miss Agnes Baird was at home for her vacation during this summer and spent most of her holidays in Kenora. She is now back at the Presbyterian Hospital, New York, where she is working in the operating-room and enjoying her work very much.

Miss Elsie Bain has been abroad since last spring and does not expect to return for another year.

Miss Violet Warren, of Victoria, B. C., is spending the winter in Switzerland.

On November 7th a Talent Tea was given by the T. W. T. Club, which is made up of the old House of Commons and three other girls, Mabelle Marling, Gertrude Winger and Edna Hinder. The tea was held at Mrs. Walton's and was a great success in every way. The money raised is for the support of an orphan at the Manmad orphanage in connection with the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission of India.

MARRIAGES

The marriage took place at St. John's Church, Vancouver, on Saturday, October 4th, of Miss Isabel Smith to Mr. Arthur Gordon McCosh. They will reside in Moose Jaw.

Miss Irene Goldstein was married on the 18th of last June to Mr. Harry Samuel. Miss Ethel Goldstein was maid of honor. Irene received this fall in her lovely new home on Brunswick Avenue.

On October 7th Miss Mary Elliott, of Winnipeg, was married to Mr. Ralph McGuckin. They are now living in Saskatoon.

Another October wedding was that of Miss Grace Anderson, of Toronto, to Mr. William Martin.

Miss Dorothy Norrie, of Toronto, was married to Mr. John Searle on June 30th.

Miss Lena McLean, of Toronto, and Mr. Ernest McCuaig were married on the 4th of June.

One of the largest weddings this fall was that of Miss Muriel Bicknell and Mr. Morton Keachie, which took place in St. Paul's Church on October 15th.

Miss Edith Clarkson, of Toronto, was married to Mr. Egbert Deane Wilkes in October. Miss Dorothy Clarkson was maid of honor.

A very lovely autumn wedding was that of Miss Marion McIndoe and Mr. Arthur Meredith, which took place in Bloor Street Presbyterian Church on October 8th. Miss Lena Ellis was maid of honor and Miss Beatrice Rough was one of the bridesmaids.

Miss Christine Graham and Mr. George Lethbridge were married in July. They are living in Galt.

At Central Methodist Church on September 20th. Miss Alma Skinner, of Toronto, was married to Mr. Mitchell.

Miss Mabel Fortune, of Winnipeg, was married to Mr. Harrison Driscoll of that city in August.

Cradle-Roll.

Mrs. Harvey Ellis (Georgina Sylvester) has a dear **little** son who arrived in September.

Two more additions to the Branksome baby list **are** Mrs. Percy Boyce's small daughter, who was born on October 15th, and Mrs. Chas. Joyce's baby girl, born on the 19th.

Mrs. Douglas Walker, of Guelph (Jessie Auld), has a little daughter, who arrived this summer.

Branksomites at Varsity.

Isabel Thomas, who graduated from Toronto University a year ago, is attending Faculty of Education classes this year.

Alice Anderson and Irlma Kennedy are registered in first year medicine.

Dorothy Code is our only representative in the graduating year in arts.

Mary Taylor and Jessie Ferrier are registered in third year general course.

Our largest representation is in the second year: Agnes Campbell, Agnes MacGillivray and Marie Parkes, in moderns; Phyllis Anderson, in English and history; Isobel Caldwell, Ethel Walker, Margaret MacLennan and Annabel Auld, in general, and Florence Buckner, in household science.

Ruth Langlois and Helen Walton, our two freshmen, both are in moderns.



LOCAL ANAESTHETICS.

Miss S. (teaching Junior nature study class)—Can you give me an example of anything in nature that is of no use?

Eager Junior—A dead fly.

Parody sung at the impromptu concert in which every house girl was obliged to take part:

You made us sing this,
 We didn't want to do it,
 We didn't want to do it,
 You made us do it,
 And all the time you knew it,
 We guess you always knew it;
 You made us angry sometimes,
 You made us sigh for
 Paderewski, Paderewski,
 We want some Kreisler too,
 You know we do.
 Give us, oh, give us what we sing for,
 Also the brand of biscuits we would die for,
 And all the lovely sticky "eats" we sigh for,
 And now, "Good-bye."

Miss S. (dictating in literature class)—"A sound like bells or a band"—a dash after the band, girls.

Bones K. (innocently, from the back of the class)—Did you say to make a dash after the band, Miss S.?

Miss M. G. M. (in study)—No more talking, please.

Bones K.—Did the bell go, Miss M.?

Miss M. G. M.—I can't find it.

Bones K. (with conviction)—Oh, then it has gone, of course.

Miss S. (in literature class)—Who was the first to meet Lance-lot at Astolat?

Gladys—The dumb waiter.

Alix—Are you going out on Saturday, Syb.?

Sybil—Well, if I'm gated, I'm not.

Alleen—I couldn't play "The Wandering Iceberg" because I won't be feeling like it that night, you see.

Alix—Well, I won't be feeling like "A Water Lily," I'm sure.

Agnes (in a mournful voice)—And I won't feel like a "Shepherd's Tale."

1st Senior—I'm trying to cultivate that Form III girl.

2nd Senior—How far have you got?

1st Senior—Well, I've asked her the ages of all her brothers and sisters.

Irma (speaking of poetry)—What do you call a thing with eight lines?

Louise (studying geometry)—An octagon.

Marjorie (after eating animal biscuits)—Did you know I had two lions inside me?

Kay—I often wondered what made you roar.

Marcia (at the masquerade)—What is Marjorie Macdonald?

Bones K.—A salad.

Marcia—Huh! Not much dressing to it.

Miss R. (in Hist. of Art)—Jean, why is your lesson not complete?

Jean K.—I haven't a book. Where shall I get one?

Miss R. (sternly)—Take a returned lesson.

Miss Strathy (to Jean, who was tipping back on her chair)—Oh, Jean, I do wish you would sit on your four legs.

Miss R.—Do you know where Miss R. is?

Miss C.—No, I don't, but you'll find her on the time-table in the office.

Helen—We were at the Pi Phi luncheon to-day.

Gertrude (suddenly waking up)—What did you say the girl's name was?

(In Lit.—reading "Much Ado About Nothing.")

Pupil (reading)—Leonato—Well then, go you into hell.

Miss G.—We will stop there, girls.

Mar. (in geography class)—May I get Africa, please, Miss R.?
Miss R.—Yes, if you can carry it.

Dorothy W. (in Alg.)—Oh, Miss R., don't you have to muddle it (meaning multiply it)?

Eilleen (who has her arms around E. Ard.)—Do I lean on you, 'Ard?

Gladys M. (recovering from a severe encounter with the lawn roller)—Oh, dear! My head hurts dreadfully; the roller went over my foot.

Sybil—What's the matter with your teeth, Bones?

Bones—Why?

Sybil—Have they had a fight?

Bones—No, they've had a separation.



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